MR. LAURENCE HUTTON'S HOBBY HAS PECULIAR FEATURES.

Beginning with Two Masks Twenty-five Years Ago, He Has Sixty Now-Incidenta Complet with Home of Them-Faces of Notable Persons Represented.

The last letter that Lawrence Barrett wrote before he died was to the family of Gen. Sherman, asking them for permission to have taken a copy of Gen. Sherman's death mask. The letter was written at the request of Laurence Hutton, who was one of Lawrence Bar-rett's most intimate friends, and also a friend

are taken. Then the mould is destroyed invariably. Formerly only masks of faces of the dead were taken, but in some of Mr. Hutton's recent masks the process has been repeated at the back, giving a perfect reproduction of the hair, cars, and entire head.

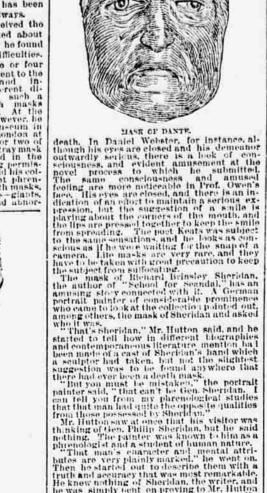
As a general rule the death masks of notable persons only are taken, the purpose being to furnish the sculptor with a guide for a statue. The custom has been in existence for centuries, and is much more widely practiced than is commonly supposed. The fact is not re-corded often, and after the statue has been

made the marks are not preserved alwars.

As soon as Mr. Hutton had conceived the plan of forming a collection and looked about him for the means of carrying it out, he found of Gen. Sherman's. Mr. Hutton has a collection of death masks, and he explained to Barrett that for more reasons than one he was anxious to have the mask of Gen. Sherman. Barrett was interested in Mr. Hutton's collection and in sympathy with his request.

"Hutton," he said. "you had better write me a letter explaining all the circumstances, and I will forward it to Gen. Sherman's family. with a letter of my own. That will be the more satisfactory way of laying the matter before them."

Mr. Hutton, acting on the advice, went to the Century Club, and wrote a letter to Barrett. When Barrett received the letter he forwarded it, with one of his own, to the family. Before



"That man's character and mental attributes are very planny marked." he went on. Then he started out to describe them with a truth and accuracy that was most remarkable. He knew nothing of Sheridan, the writer, and he was simply tent on proving to Mr. Hutton that the man could not be Gen. Sheridan. He pointed out the wit and humor of the man, his lack of reverence and respect, the sprightliness and eleverness of his mind, going over all the marked points of the drametist's character as accurately as if he had read them from a biography. Gen. Sheridan, he said, was almost the mental opposite of the man. When he had finished Mr. Hutton told him of the misunderstanding and he was highly amused.

The death mask of Thackeray, which was made by Sir William Thompson, is probably the only one in existence. Another copy was made for Thackeray's family, but it appeared to them so unsatisfactory that it was destroyed. The lower part of the face is twisted considerably round to the left and slightly swollen in appearance. The mouth also has a drooping and unnatural expression, but, nevertheless, the face is extremely like Thackeray's family had their copy of the mask destroyed, it is said that they supposed it was the only one made, and they are still in ignorance that another copy exists and is in Mr. Hutton's collection.

There is no record anywhere in biographies or contemporaneous literature that a death mask was taken of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and even Coleridge's grandson, Richard Hartley Coleridge, who is now writing his biography. When Mr. Hutton came upon the mask he felt convinced it was that of Coleridge, and last

anatomist, were taken from life, and the sub-tile difference between them and the other masks is very curious. There is an indescrib-able expression about the three faces that be-tokens life just as plainly as the others do



CAST OF LUTHIER'S FACE TANEN AFTER HIS DEATH. summer, while in England, he wrote to the grandson for information on the subject. Mr. Coleridge replied that he had investigated all the details of his grandfather's death in connection with the biography be was writing, but had failed to find any record of a death-mask, and had consequently come to the conclusion that there was none in existence. He had once heard a tradition, however, that one heard a tradition, however, that one had been taken. Mr. Hutton thereupon sent a photograph of his mask to Mr. Coleridge, on the receipt of which an appointment was made to talk over the matter. Mr. Hutton was sitting in one of the club rooms waiting, when he caught a glimpse of Mr. Coleridge for the first time as he was coming up the stairs, and recognized him immediately from his resemblance to the death mask. Mr. Coleridge went into an ecstacy of delight at the discovery of the mask when he saw it and was convinced.

"You Americans," he said, "are the most wonderful people in the world. Here for generations we have been trying to get some new information about Coloridge. You drop over from America and immediately ind out his death mask, the most important biographical fact that has come out for years."

Mr. Coleridge has a photograph of Mr. Hutton's mask in his possession, which he will use in his forthcoming blography, together with the clreumstances of its discovery.

The mask of Sir Isanc Newton, which is one of the oldest in the collection, hangs beside a copy of the bust of Newton in Westminster. Abbey. The contrast between the two is suggestive. The bust of it has been embellished and idealized so much that it retains only the slightest trace of resemblance. The status represents a handsome, wide-nwake young man, with a pointed nose, and small, fullipped mouth. There is nothing characteristic about it, the head being like that of a court dandy. The real face, however, as shown by the death mask, although delabouer, as court



DEATH MASK OF GOETH'S.

THE CITY'S GREATEST SHOW.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE EIGHTH
AVENUE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

The Remarkable Panorama Which Its
Bicycles, Tricycles, Bolier Skates, Trotters, and Children—Its Plowers, Its Concert Halls, Its Procession of Shoppers, and Its Candy Store Moving on Wheels.

With its miles upon miles of gay shops, its broad and thronged promenade, and its long stretch of asphait-paved and traffic-crowded roadway. Eighth avenue stands as the most uniquely interesting show place of the big town. No other of the famous avenues of the metropolis presents such a picturesque variety

Wherever, an organ-grinder, and there are scores of them on Eighth avenue on the look-out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," there are scores of them on Eighth avenue on the look-out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," there are scores of them on Eighth avenue the look-out for pennies, stands at the curb to grind out "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," there are sure to be bables ilstenling to the contagious melody that is more popular on Eighth avenue chan on the Bower; even. Drivers have to bring that is more popular on Eighth avenue of the bables cross and recross the roadway. Bables cross



THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL FUN.

of the scenes and incidents, the rush and crush and the rattle and roar and bustle that are the inseparable feature of New York life. It is the prosperous and wondrously diversified suc-cessor to the historic Bowery, which older New Yorkers, who saw it in its haleyon days, are beginning to mourn over as a locality that is fast going into decadence. The newer and larger west-side thoroughfare has gradually nequired nearly all of the attractions that gave distinction to the older locality, and because of this it has of recent years won the title of the Bowery of the west side, and residents who have grown familiar with the bewildering multiplicity of its peculiarities proudly assert that, even in its heyday, the Bowery could not compare with it as an example of the wideawake and go-ahead activity of the great city. One who gets into its tremendous tide of travel on these cheerful spring days finds, in studying the complex elements of its busy throngs, that something of the characteristics of all New York's other notable streets are united in one vast panoramic show. It is as if Grand street and the Bowery with their cos-mopolitan types, and Fifth avenue and Broadway with their afternoon crush of sightseers and parade of vehicles, were combined. This great panorama moves along the entire length of the avenue from Abingdon square on

the south to the Harlem River on the north. but the speciacle that it makes for the sight-erriveren

densely populated district between the little triangular green in the crowded square at

triangular green in the crowded square at Thirteenth street, and the sweeping circular plaza that opens into Central Park at Fliftyninth street. It is the animated section between the little Thirteenth street breathing spot and the crowded plaza at Fifty-ninth street, which The Sux's artist has reproduced bright glimpses of, and which this story describes. Here the procession sweeps past miles of side streets whose contrasted dwellings make strikingly evident the fact that Eighth avenue is a sort of dividing

P. V. S.

A CANDY STORE ON WHEELS.

-02 A CURRSTONE FLORIST.

MENDELSSOHN'S DEATH MASK.

had heard about Caunt and his great achievements, and pronounced his name with awe, though he had nover seen him. One night the elder Booth happened to take Edwin to some pot house, where they came upon Ben Caunt, standing amid a group of admirers. When Edwin saw the great Ben Caunt notice his faither and shake hands with him, it was the proulest moment of his life.

Mr. Hutton regards the masks for the most part, he says, with much the same feeding that an art collector has for a piece of rare nottery. While that is true of the old masks, there are five among the number that represent warm personal friends of Mr. Hutton, and he can rarely look at thom, he says, without feeling his heart beat faster. Dion Boueleault, John McCullough, Gen. Sherman, Harry Edwards, and Lawrence Barrett knew Mr. Hutton well, and had looked at his death masks before they died. He saw the dead faces that the masks reproduce. Lawrence Barrett's mask, which takes in the whole head ard neek is fearfully like the man as he appeared on the streets of New York before his death. The mask is not exposed openly in the room like the others, but is laid away carefully out of sight in the closet. Last winter Mr. Hutton had a photographer make a complete set of photographs of all the masks in his collection. The camera was arranged in the room above and Mr. Hutton carried the masks up one by one. A number of them were awaiting their turns when the photographer, having finished the one before him, looked to Mr. Hutton and asked: "Which one shall I take next?" Mr. Hatton cast his eye about, and then turned toward him bed to piek up one of his guest, to rouse him out for breakfast.

Boueleault's face looks very old, and thin, and langgard. A curlous fact pointed out about Gen. Sherman's mask is the number of hairs on the back of the head and in the beard, which were caught in the plaster when the mask of Queen Elizabeth, which hangs heside that of Mary, Queen of Scots, was not A TRAIN OF TRICYCLES. seer is livelier, more varied and engaging to the lover of the picture-que in that more

thin and sad, and many times more impressive than the conventional square-lawed pietures of Napoleon.

The mask of Queen Elizabeth, which hangs beside that of Mary, Queen of Scots, was not taken directly from the dead features of the Queen, if Mr. Hutton's information be true, but from a wax reproduction of it. The story is rather curious. In the old days of England, up to the time of Queen Elizabeth, it was the custom to carry the exposed bodies of the dead monarchs through the sitects from London to Westminster Abley, where they were interred, the purpose being to assure the populacethat the King or Queen was dead and not spirited away or east into prison by intrigue. By Elizabeth's time, however, the custom seems to linve fallen into disuse, and instead of earrying the real body of the dead Queen through the streets for the rabble to gaze at, a waxen image was exhibited in it; place. The waxen images, in many cases, are preserved at Westminster Abbey at the present time, and it was from the one of Elizabeth that Mr. Hutton's mask was taken. The face is not beautiful.

In the strange gathering of great men besides those mentioned are the masks of lienry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Walter Scott, Edmund Burke, Sir Thomas More, Oliver Cromwell, Aaron Burr, Edmund Kean, David Garrick, Frederick the Great, Robespierre, Marat, Mirabenu, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Wordsworth, Charles XII., and Nasoleon III.

MENDELSSOHN'S DEATH MACK.

Miss Lottie Matthews Wanted It Known That She Had a Smart Grandmother, Too, MIDDLETON, May 2.-Miss Lottie J. Matthews is a bright and smart young woman of Southington village, who is confident that she has the most wonderful grandmother there is in Connecticut. Miss Lottie had read a lot of articles in the State press in the past year about grandmothers, purporting to be the smartest in the world, simply because they had pieced bed and crazy quilts containing several million pieces, more or lesss; and her pride of family was piqued more and more. Finally she couldn't endure the glory of other grandmothers and of the procession of quilts any longer: so a day or two ago she "took her

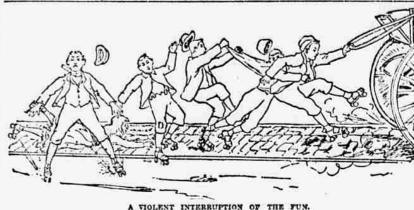
Great Season for Herrings.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Havre De Grace. Md., May 2.—The herring fishing season on the Susquehanna River is now at its height, and the catch thus far has been unprecedented. The reack will amount to over 60,000 harrels of salted fish. The season opened April 8 and will close May 10. One lisherman caught 100 barrels of the fish with a dip-net in the outlet lock of the canal. It has been no uncommon thing this season to take 200,000 herring at a haul of one of the large seines, which, when paid out, encircles three-quarters of a mile or more of water area.

contemplative mind. Of all the multitude of its sights, however, the bables are undoubtedly the most diverting. Eighth avenue has a regular baby show every alternoon, and as a show it possesses all the mystic charms that make bables come out like spring blossons in the sunlight of the afternoon. Hundreds of them roll along with the throng in carriages. Hundreds more are borne in the sams of nurses or mothers still others toddle along on foot, sometimes getting tangled up in the procession, and bringing it to a sudden and startled pause.

Wherever an organ-grinder, and there are sever of them of the control of the cont



and in groups, and at night the will-o'-thewisp lamps of the speeding wheels light the
rondway along its entire length with twinkling
bits of flying color. There are all sorts of
riders and all sorts of machines in this parade
of bicyclists. Old men and boys, riders in
club uniform and riders in long trousers and
spring overcoats, and the omnipresent small
boy, paddling away laboriously on cheap
and tiny wheels, threading their devious
way amid the crowd of vehicles. Most
noticeable of all are the young women, who go
shopping on bicycles, with baskels swinging
on the handles of the machines. These riders
last named annihilate the time-honored tradition that there never lived a woman who would
do her shopping in a hurry. Sixth avenue
shoppers would be brought to a siandstill with
a shock of surprise at the spectacle of a shopper scooting along on a wheel. Such a thing
had never been heard of on that thoroughfare.
But it is a common sight on Eighth avenue.
When the young woman, whose picture is here
reproduced, shot past The Stx artist on a
shopping tour along Eighth avenue on Tuesday last, scarcely a woman turned her head,
or a man either, to gaze after her. The spectacle had long ceased to awaken any surprise.
No small boys in the metropolis, or small girls
either, have so much actual fun as the small
boys and girls on skates on Fighth avenue. To
watch the skaters is to witness a picture of
complete juvenile happiness. They are in
their giory between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Just as soon as the close of school
releases them, the youngstersdart home, grab
their skates, and troop to the asphalt rondbed of the avenue, which soon roverberates
with the laint thunder of the wheels.
The boys and girls who have skates
of their own oiten generously share their outit with the boys and girls who have
skates
of their own oiten generously share their outit with the boys and girls who have
skates
of the contail of another, and all is recaming
with joy as they scool along in a swaying procession,

it "playing locomotive," and adults often stand watching the picture with eyes a-sparkling with pleasure.

When these so-called "locomotive" trains get too uprearious for comfort or attract too much attention from the crowds on the sidewalk, as they are sure to do in a very little while, the drivers determine to rid themselves of the lively annex. Scolding or expostulation never effects an abatement of the noise. The driver is compelled to resort to strategy to cut loose from the yelling troop, and he knows a trick that is sure to afford prompt relief. He steers his team toward the car tracks, and then wheels his horses around suddenly and cuts across the track to the opposite side of the street. The readbed leatween the car tracks is paved with old-fashioned small cobblestones. These stones play the dickens with the equilibrium of the skaters. Their little legs spread apart in their frantic efforts to keep a balance and then hold on the dray at the same time, and the whole troop is often toppled in a heap on the stones. The boys and girls pick themselves up, and are soon seen on the lookout for another "cut-behind" that will in turn be cut short by another upset. The thing happens fifty times a day, but it never cools the eagerness of the skaters for the sport.

While this tumultuous pastime is going on in the readway all along the avenue another kind of locomotive playing is in operation on the sidewalks. The players are the little girls



HERE COME THE BICYCLISTS.

who have trieveles. The biggest girl in the group takes her place as leader, and half a group takes her place as leader, and half a dozen and sometime are rechitch on behind her. when away go flying past the outer frings of the procession of nedestrians, leaving an echoint trail of very shrill smaller trievels. The sear contact trials of the state of the same terms of the search of the searc

o'clock in the afternoon and 8 o'clock in the evening, and it keeps a-going sometimes until after 10 o'clock at night.

It is on Saturday, however, of all the days in the week, that Eighth avenue is in its gain attire and when it reaches its fullest glory as a city show. Its crowds on fout and on wheels are then densest, and all outdoors is speciac-



" TARA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY." ular, with the variety of a stupendous shop-ping carnival. Crowds sweep past on both sides of the broad sidewalks, constant-ly reënforced by smaller throads. ly reenforced by smaller throngs from
the side streets on the east and west.
The rondway is fairly jammed with vehicles.
Hundreds and hundreds of elestric lights shed
a silvery sheen upon the mighty human tide
as it sweeps north and south. The shop windows are all pictures new with the glitter of
show goods. Hucksters' wagons, with their
flickering oil imps gliamering faintly in the
flood of electric light, into the carbs. The
sidewalks in front of many stores are piled
with goods specially set out to catch the eye
of the army of Saturday shoppers. Crowds
are streaming into the theates. The
music from the concert gardens floats
out and mingles with the stirring rum-



ble of outdoor traffle. Organ grinders grind out "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay" and other popular airs to catch the spare coppers of the crowd. Small boys take up the tune and send it booming along the avenue. Blind beggars and lame beggars and beggars that are noither blind nor lame nor needy are sitting down and standing up and hobbling along on crutches. Big policemen, dexterously twirling their clubs, saunter slowly along, surveying the scene with calmindifference to its picture-squeness. Women with poke bonnets and red ribbons and flowing gowns of blue stand at corners thrusting the War Chvin the faces of the multitude. They are the lassies of the Salvation Army, who make a point of attacking the crowds on Saturdays, and becoming or trying to boom, the circulation of the Army newspaper. Frock-coated missionaries mingle in the swim and distribute tracts.

The show goes on until nearly midnight. Then the hubbub begins to die away slowly, but he time is Eighth avenue completely at rest to sething is aliye and on the news there even in the dead of night. It mirrors the restlessness of the metropolis. Taken all in all it is the greatest show on earth. A CONCERT GARDEN.



MR. HUTTON AND HIS MASKS. the answer came, granting the request, Barrett was dead, and on the following Saturday night Mr. Hutton went to the house with St. Gaudens, the sculptor, and together they took his death mask. As an additional feature of the coincidence, the last letter that Gen. Sherman wrote before he died was to Lawrence

Two copies of Barrett's mask were taken. Mr. Hutton kept one and presented the other to Edwin Booth to be kept in the Players' Club. Booth was playing in Brooklyn at the time and he saw the bundle addressed to him lying on the billiard table of the club just as he was about to leave after his dinner. It was wrapped in cloths and paper.

What is that ?" he said to the norter. "It is something from Mr. Hutton," the man

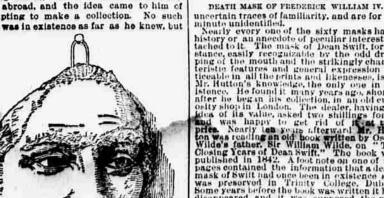
Booth, not knowing what it was, directed that it should be taken up to his room, for fear



LINCOLN'S DEATH MASK. that something might happen to it. Then he went to Brooklyn. When he returned and went to his room at a late hour that night and lighted the gas, the first object that met his

turned toward him on the table. The man had removed the coverings and left it exposed. In Booth's shattered state the shock that the sight caused him was painfully severe, and he said it was days before he recovered from it.

Laurence Hutton began collecting deathmasks about twenty-five years ago. He stumbled across two or three while rummaging among the relics of an old curiosity



maging among the relies of an old curtosity shop abroad, and the idea came to him of attempting to make a collection. No such thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence as far as he knew, but thing was in existence and in the prints and likencessee, is to it state, and it was the content of the prints and likencessee, is to it was the content of the prints and likencessee, is to it was the content of the prints and likencessee, is to it was the content of the prints and likencessee, is to it was the content of the prints and likencessee, is to it with an old curtosity in the content of the was the content of the prints and likencessee, is to it was the content of the interest and it was the content of the prints and likencessee, is to was the likences and was happy to get rid of it set that prints and likencessee, is to it was the content of the likences and the prints and likencessee, is to was the likences and likencessee, is to was the likencessee, is to wa

mal features—of no use to him. The heads of statesmen, thinkers, and writers were not among the number.

When museums and public institutions were exhausted the rest of the search had to be carried on in curiosity shops and the rooms of sculptors and blasterers. Of the hundreds of shops that he visited, once in a while there would be one in which he would find a death mask in the midst of valueless knick-knacks. In most cases the owner knew nothing of its history, and the collector bore off his treasure for a trifle. But when a mask was found in this manner neglected in some out of the way corner, how was it to be identified? It was always safe to assume that the person was notable. Even if the conventional pictures of notable persons had been laid out in a row to furnish the means of comparison, it would have been an extremely difficult matter in some cases to make an identification. The conventional portraits of a celebrated person taken in the prime of life bears oftentimes only the slightest trace of resemblance to the dead face in old age.

Literary aid on the subject Mr. Hutton found to be practically non-existent. Contemporaneous magazines and newspapers were searched when the identity of a mask was suspected, but they generally lacked the required information about death masks. The satisfaction when some chance evidence was discovered in some instances to solve the question beyond doubt after a long period of uncertainty can be readily imagined. It means much, therefore, to say that Mr. Hatton now has about sixty masks in his collection, many of them, as far as is known, the copies in existence, and he has succeeded in ablishing the identity of every one.

Lee separation experienced by a visitor on energing Mr. Hutton's study for the lifts thry fourth street. There are books in cases about the walls, and a writing table to the left of the window littered with manustripts and writing materials. On the house at 247 West Thirty-fourth street. There are books in cases about the window littered with manustri

CAST OF LUTHER'S FACE TAKEN APTER HIS DEATH.



uncommon size, straight and flat, with heavy, irregular lips. Two copies of the death mask were taken when Newton died, one of which is preserved in the Royal Society, London, where he was President, and the other, it appears, was presented to Trinity College. Cambridge. After Mr. Hutton had found his mask he wrote to the Royal Society, asking permission to see their copy. Permission being granted, he took with him a photograph of his own mask, and found on comparison that the two were identical. Later he took the photograph to a

. BEEMS WORTH MENTIONING.

grandmothers and of the procession of quits any longer; so a day or two ago she "took her pen in hand" and wroten letter to the editor of the Meriden Journal, saying that "her attention had been called," and so on, to several "articles in your valuable parer." and so on, and "therefore she took the liberty," and so on, to trespass on your valuable space," and so on, "to trespass on your valuable space," and so on, "to trespass on your valuable space," and so on, "to trespass on your valuable space," and so on, "to trespass on your valuable space," and so on, "to trespass on your valuable space," and so on, "to trespass on your valuable space," and so on, "to trespass on your valuable space," and so on, "to trespass on your valuable space," and so on, "to trespass on the fine searly symmetry of the party of the party of the Air," Borow and Lend," "Diamond," "Solomon's Temple" better known as "Fineapple", and a silk crazy quilt putting on all the fancy stiftches, embroidering many of the pieces by the eye ino stamping, besides nearly enough blooks for a "Chip Basket," seven silk crazy pincushions, five velvet crazy chair cushions, one silk crazy sofa pillow. All of this was done inside of a year with other work. This seems worth mentioning,

Great Season for Herrings.

"I observe that the congregation is quite restless," said the preacher, and I see no necessity for it. The game will not be called until 24 o clock this atternoon, and there is no use getting excited this early. I get my information from Deacon Jones, and he ought to know, as he spitcher, and has staked \$10 on the game.